

Today

If we knew that life would end tomorrow, would we still waste today on our quarrels? Would we fritter the precious hours away, taking refuge behind that wall of icy silence, creeping out only to hurl another barrage of angry words, invisible missiles, but in every way as deadly as broken bricks or bottles?

If we knew that life would end tomorrow, would we keep a tally of wrongs, determined not to be the first one to give in? Or would we cease to care who had started it, knowing that no-one is completely in the right, and that in this kind of war we shall both end up as losers?

If we knew that life would end tomorrow, surely we would treasure today. Fill the hours to the brim with love and laughter instead of anger and bitterness, creating jewel-bright memories which would lighten our hearts instead of dark regrets which could twist and destroy.

If we knew that life would end tomorrow... but who can say that it will not? The only time of which we can be certain is today. So today I will reach out for your hand. Today I will say "I'm sorry" and "I love you".